

DRIVEN TO ATROCITIES, GERMAN COMMANDER TELLS CORRESPONDENT

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL.

[By Cable to The Chicago Tribune.] Headquarters in the field of the Ninth Imperial Army, Chateau Lafere, near Renaix, Belgium—Three weeks ago the government of Belgium requested me to place before the American people a list of specific and authenticated atrocities committed by the German armies upon Belgian non-combatants.

Today General von Boehn, commanding the Ninth Imperial field army, acting mouthpiece of the German general staff, has asked me to place before the American people the German version of the incidents in question.

So far as I am aware I am the only correspondent in the present war who has motored for an entire day through the ranks of the advancing German army, who has dined as a guest of the German army commander and his staff, and who has had the progress of the army on the march arrested in order to obtain photographs of the German troops.

This unusual experience came about in a curious and roundabout way.

Invited by General Von Boehn.

After an encounter in the streets of Ghent last Tuesday between a German military automobile and a Belgian armored car, in which two German soldiers were wounded, American Vice Consul Van Hee persuaded the burgomaster to accompany him immediately to the headquarters of General von Boehn to explain the circumstances and ask that the city should not be held responsible for the unfortunate affair.

In the course of the conversation with Mr. Van Hee General von Boehn remarked that copies of papers containing articles written by Alexander Powell criticizing the German treatment of the Belgian civil population had come to his attention and said he regretted he could not have an opportunity to talk with Powell and give him the German version.

Mr. Van Hee said by a fortunate coincidence I happened to be in Ghent, whereupon the general asked him to bring me out to dinner the following day, and issued a safe conduct through the German lines.

Though nothing was said about a photographer, I took with me Photographer Donald Thompson. As there was some doubt regarding the propriety of taking a Belgian driver into the German lines, I drove the car myself.

In Midst of Kaiser's Men.

Half a mile out of Sottehem our road debouched into the great highway which leads through Lille to Paris. We suddenly found ourselves in the midst of the German army. It was a sight never to be forgotten. As the eye could see stretched solid columns of marching men, pressing westward, ever westward.

The army was advancing in three mighty columns along three parallel roads. These dense masses of moving men in their elusive blue gray uniforms looked for all the world like three monstrous serpents crawling across the countryside.

American flags which fluttered from our windshield proved a passport in themselves and as we approached the close locked ranks they parted to let us through.

For five solid hours, traveling always at express train speed, we motored between the walls of the marching men. In time the constant shuffle of boots and the rhythmic swing of gray-clad arms and shoulders grew maddening and I became obsessed with the fear that I would send the car plowing into the human wedge on either side.

Miles of German Soldiers.

It seemed that the ranks never would end, and as far as we were concerned they never did, for we never saw or heard the end of that mighty column.

We passed regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade of infantry, and after them hussars, uhlans, cuirassiers, field batteries, more infantry, more field guns, ambulances, then siege guns, each drawn by 30 horses, engineers, telephone corps, pontoon wagons, armored motor cars, more uhlans, the sunlight gleaming on their forest of lances, more infantry in spiked helmets, all sweeping by as irresistible as a mighty river, with their faces turned toward France.

This was the Ninth field army and composed the very flower of the empire, including the magnificent troops of the Imperial guard. It was first and last a fighting army. The men were all young. They struck me as being keen as razors and as hard as nails. The horses were magnificent. They could not have been better. The field guns of the Imperial guard were almost twice the size of any used by our army.

Thirty-two Horses Draw Howitzer.

But the most interesting of all, of course, were the five gigantic howitzers, each drawn by 16 pairs of horses. These howitzers can tear a city to pieces at a distance of a dozen miles.

Every contingency seems to have been foreseen. Nothing was left to chance or overlooked. Maps of Belgium, with which every soldier is provided, are the finest examples of topography I have ever seen. Every path, every farm building, every clump of trees, and every twig is shown.

At one place a huge army wagon containing a complete printing press was drawn up beside the road and a

morning edition of Deutsche Kreiger Zeitung was being printed and distributed to the marching men. It contained nothing but accounts of German victories, of which I never had heard, but it seemed greatly to cheer the men.

Field kitchens with smoke pouring from their stovepipe funnels rumbled down the line, serving steaming soup and coffee to the marching men, who held out tin cups and had them filled without once breaking step.

Covered Wagons Hide Machine Guns.

There were wagons filled with army cobbler, sitting cross-legged on the floor, who were mending soldiers' shoes just as if they were back in their little shops in the fatherland. Other wagons, to all appearances ordinary two wheeled farm carts, hid under their arched canvas covers nine machine guns which could instantly be brought into action.

The medical corps was as magnificent as businesslike. It was as perfectly equipped and as efficient as a great city hospital.

Men on bicycles with a coil of insulated wire slung between them strung a field telephone from tree to tree so the general commanding could converse with any part of the 50 miles long column.

The whole army never sleeps. When half is resting the other half is advancing. The soldiers are treated as if they were valuable machines which must be speeded up to the highest possible efficiency. Therefore, they are well fed, well shod, well clothed, and worked as a negro teamster works mules.

Only men who are well cared for can march 35 miles a day week in and week out. Only once did I see a man mistreated. A sentry on duty in front of the general headquarters failed to salute an officer with sufficient promptness, whereupon the officer lashed him again and again across the face with a riding whip. Though welts rose with every blow, the soldier stood rigidly at attention and never quivered.

Finally Reaches Von Boehn.

It was considerably past midday and we were within a few miles of the French frontier when we saw a guidon, which signifies the presence of the head of the army, planted at the entrance of a splendid old chateau. As we passed through the iron gates and whirled up the stately tree-lined drive and drew up in front of the terrace a dozen officers in staff uniform came running out to meet us. For a few minutes it felt as if we were being welcomed at a country house in America instead of at the headquarters of the German army in the field. So perfect was the field telephone service that the staff had been able to keep in touch with our progress along the lines and were waiting dinner for us.

After dinner we grouped ourselves on the terrace in the self-conscious attitude people always assume when having their pictures taken, and Thompson made some photographs. They probably are the only ones of this war, at least of a German general and an American war correspondent who was not under arrest.

Then we gathered about the table, on which was spread a staff map of the war area, and got down to serious business. The general began by asserting that the stories of atrocities perpetrated on Belgian non-combatants were a tissue of lies.

"Look at these officers about you," he said. "They are gentlemen like yourself. Look at the soldiers marching past in the road out there. Most of them are fathers of families. Surely you don't believe they would do the things they have been accused of."

Explains Aerschot Crimes.

"Three days ago, general," I said, "I was in Aerschot. The whole town now is but a ghastly, blackened, blood-stained ruin."

"When we entered Aerschot the son of the burgomaster came into the room, drew a revolver, and assassinated my chief of staff," the general said. "What followed was only retribution. The townspeople only got what they deserved."

"But why wreak your vengeance on women and children?"

"None has been killed," the general asserted positively. "I am sorry to contradict you, general," I asserted with equal positiveness, "but I have myself seen their mutilated bodies. So has Mr. Ginson, secretary of the American legation at Brussels, who was present during the destruction of Louvain."

"Of course, there always is danger of women and children being killed during street fighting," said General von Boehn, "if they insist on coming into the street. It is unfortunate, but it is war."

Data Startles General.

"But how about a woman's body I saw, with her hands and feet cut off? How about a white-haired man and his son whom I helped bury outside Semper, who had been killed merely because a retreating Belgian had shot a German soldier outside their house? There were 22 bayonet wounds on the old man's face. I counted them. How about the little girl two years old who was shot while in her mother's arms by a uhlans, and whose funeral I attended at Bystodenberg? How about the old man who was hung from the rafters in his house by his hands and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him?"

The general seemed somewhat

In a zigzag course to a spot near Solas.

"He saw the German hosts not merely in retreat but in flight."

"It was a wonderful sight," the aviator said, "to look down upon those hundreds and thousands of moving military columns, the long gray lines of the Kaiser's picked troops, some marching in a southerly, others in a northeasterly direction, and all moving with tremendous rapidity."

"The retreat, the aviator declared, was not confined to the highways, but

taken aback by the amount and exactness of my data.

"Such things are horrible, if true," he said. "Of course, our soldiers, like soldiers of all armies, sometimes get out of hand and do things which we would never tolerate if we knew it. At Louvain, for example, I sentenced two soldiers to 11 years' penal servitude apiece for assaulting a woman."

Louvain Library Incident.

"Apologies of Louvain," I remarked, "why did you destroy the library? It was one of the literary storehouses of the world."

"We regretted that as much as any one else," answered the general. "It caught fire from burning houses and we could not save it."

"But why did you burn Louvain at all?" I asked.

"Because the townspeople fired on our troops. We actually found machine guns in some of the houses." And smashing his fist down on the table, he continued: "Whenever civilians fire upon our troops we will teach them a lasting lesson. If women and children insist on getting in the way of bullets, so much the worse for the women and children."

"How do you explain the bombardment of Antwerp by Zeppelins?" I queried.

Explains Zeppelin Bombs.

"Zeppelins have orders to drop their bombs only on fortifications and soldiers," he answered.

"As a matter of fact," I remarked, "they only destroyed private houses and civilians, several of them women. If one of those bombs had dropped 200 yards nearer my hotel I wouldn't be smoking one of your excellent cigars today."

"This is a calamity which I think God didn't happen."

"If you feel for my safety as deeply as that, general," I said earnestly, "you can make quite sure of my coming to no harm by sending no more Zeppelins."

"Well," he said, laughing, "we will think about it." He continued gravely:

"I trust you will tell the American people through your paper what I have told you today. Let them hear our side of this atrocity business. It is only justice that they should be made familiar with both sides of the question."

I have quoted my conversation with the general as nearly verbatim as I can remember it. I have no comments to make. I will leave it to my readers to decide for themselves just how convincing are the answers of the German general staff to the Belgian accusations.

Photographs German Army.

Before we began our conversation I asked the general if Mr. Thompson might be permitted to take photographs of the great army passing. Five minutes later Thompson was whirled away in a military motor car escorted by an army officer who had attended the army school at Fort Riley. It seems they stopped the car beside the road in a place where the light was good, and when Thompson saw approaching a regiment or battery of which he wished a picture he would tell the officer, whereupon the officer would blow his whistle, and the whole column would halt.

"Just wait a few minutes until the dust settles," Thompson would remark, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette, and the Ninth Imperial army, whose columns stretched over the countryside as far as the eye could see would stand in its tracks until the air was sufficiently clear to get a picture.

Thus far the only one who has succeeded in halting the German army is this little photographer from Kansas.

Show Thompson Gunnery.

As a field battery of the Imperial guard rumbled past, Thompson made some remark about the accuracy of the American gunners at Vera Cruz.

"Let us show you what our gunners can do," said the officer, and gave an order. There were more orders, a perfect volley of them, a bugle shrieked harshly, the eight horses strained against their collars, the drivers cracked their whips, and the gun left the road, bounded across a ditch, and swung into position in an adjacent field.

On a knoll three miles away an ancient windmill was beating the air with its huge wings. The shell hit the windmill fair and square and tore it into splinters.

"Good work," Thompson observed critically. "If those fellows of yours keep on they'll be able to get a job in the American navy after the war."

In all the annals of modern war I do not believe there is a parallel to this American war photographer halting with an upraised, peremptory hand the advancing army, leisurely photographing regiment after regiment, and then having a field gun of the Imperial guard go into action solely to gratify his curiosity.

Find English Leaders.

According to a dispatch from a Daily Mail correspondent at Rouen the Germans have been able, with seemingly uncanny precision, to locate the headquarters of the British general staff, no matter where it moves.

Throughout ten days, beginning when the fighting was about Mons, the invaders poured shells close to the meeting point of the king's generals.

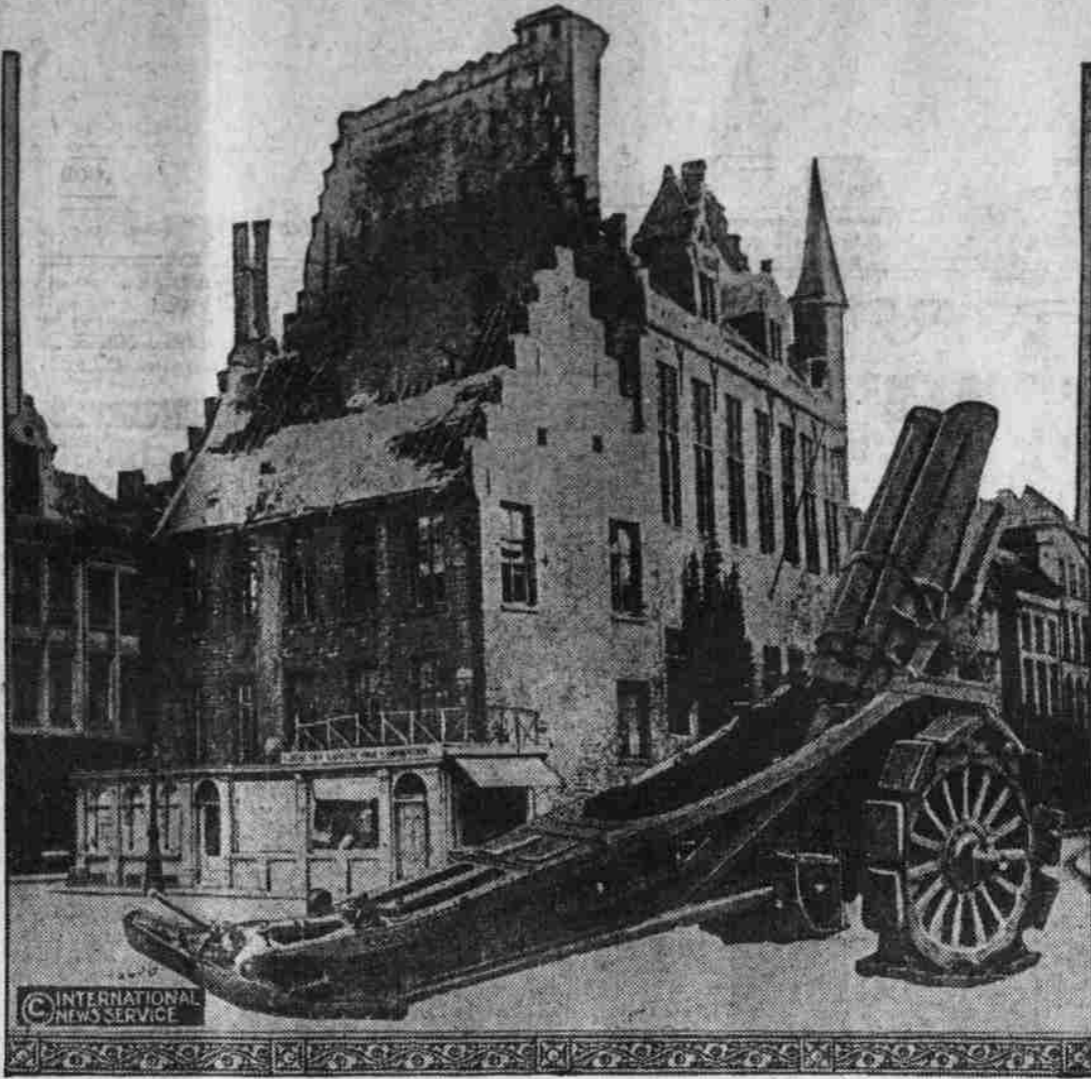
It was the same thing when headquarters were at Donai and Landreles, whereupon Sir John French with drew his position to Le Cateau. There it was the target of a terrific bombardment, which set fire to the town and burned it. The next move was to St. Quentin, where again the British headquarters were a mark for the German fire.

many German soldiers were running across fields, jumping over fences, crawling through hedges, and making their way through woods without any semblance of order or discipline.

"These men doubtless belong to regiments which were badly cut up in the fierce fighting which preceded the general retreat. Deprived of the majority of their officers, they made a mere rabble of fugitives."

Canada has now a debt of \$45,714,649.

WHAT THE ZEPPELIN BOMBS DID TO ANTWERP



These photographs give some idea of the effects of the dropping of bombs in Antwerp from German Zeppelins, an action that aroused indignant protest from the allies and other people.

TURCOS WHO ARE FIGHTING IN THE FRENCH ARMY



Hardy fighters of the Nineteenth corps of the Algerian contingent in the French army. Their fearless, fierce attacks on the enemy seem to utterly demoralize the German gunners.

RUSSIAN RED CROSS NURSES IN THE FIELD



CHARGE OF THE KAISER'S INFANTRY



ENGLISH LONG WAR STEP

The Infantry Slide of 31 1/2 Inches Leads Among the European Soldiers.

Soldiers are marching across Europe, but they do not keep step. They vary both in the length of the step and rapidly of their pace. The British infantry step 31 1/2 inches, the longest of all the steps. Germans keep step 28 1/2 inches, the French 27 1/2 inches, while the 22 inches of the American infantryman

the armies of Italy, France and Austria.

The Russians take the shortest step, 27 1/2 inches, and only 112 in a minute. The German infantryman does 114, the Austrian 115 and the French and Italian each manage 120. Consequently, to march a mile takes the Russian 20 minutes, the Austrian 18 2/3 minutes, the French and Italian 18 minutes, while the German could beat the king of Poland's had three! The spilling of a glass of water led to war between France and England.

GENERAL VON MARNITZ



General von Marnitz has been in command of the German cavalry on the extreme right of the Kaiser's army in France and covered the advance of Von Kluck's futile turning movement. Von Marnitz's cavalry penetrated even to the southwest of Paris and astonished the world by its speed.

Small Causes of War.

Nine hundred years ago a dispute between Modena and Bologna over a well bucket began a war which devastated Europe. A Chinese emperor once went to war over the breaking of a teapot; Sweden and Poland flew at each other's throats in 1654 because the king of Sweden discovered that his name in an official dispatch was followed by only two exclamation marks, while the king of Poland's had three! The spilling of a glass of water led to war between France and England.

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer
Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.



Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 39-1914.

Woman's Press Club.

The Woman's National Press association is one of the oldest of the women's organizations in the country, having been in existence since 1882. It was organized in Washington long before the newspaper men had organized their National Press club and before the Gridiron club, so well known for its clever programs at annual meetings. The first president was Mrs. Emily Edson Briggs, the first woman journalist allowed admission to the press galleries of Washington. Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, the present president, is in her eighties, but is still a prolific writer. Mrs. Champ Clark, Miss Mabel Boardman, Mrs. Belva Lockwood and others as well known.

All for America. Last year the United States imported knit goods to the amount of \$5,671,863 and this year will have to get along without the imported goods. It is now the fashion for women to "sacrifice" themselves for their country, and what better sacrifice could American women make than cheerfully to wear American-made clothes during the next few years? Let every one declare for American goods.

Something Worth While.

Church—Boy's home from college, I see. Gotham—Oh, yes. "Bring home a diploma with him?" "No," but he brought home a corking good recommendation from the college coach.

The enterprising summer girl has no use for the young man who wastes his time kissing her hand.

London consumes eggs valued at \$11,630,000.

SICK DOCTOR
Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way, is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover."

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food. It tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength."

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods."

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts and cream 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

GERMAN RETREAT AS SEEN FROM THE SKY

London.—The following dispatch comes from the Standard's correspondent in Paris:

"The best view of the retreating German armies was obtained by a French military aviator, who, ascending from a point near Vitry, flew northward across the Marne and then eastward by way of Reims down to the region of Verdun and back again